

BOTH SIDES



of the
SHIELD
By MAJOR
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

Both Sides of the Shield

By Major
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.
One of the Heroes of the
Titanic and President
Taft's Military Aid.

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SYNOPSIS

Palmer, a Boston newspaper man, is sent to Georgia to report social and industrial conditions in a series of letters to his paper. Colonel Turpin, a southerner, thinks Palmer is a lawyer and has come to foreclose the Turpin plantation's mortgage.

Palmer deceives him, and the colonel, thinking that Palmer is a kinsman, invites him to be his guest at the Pines. Palmer meets Ellen and Bud Turpin and is hospitably received.

He becomes interested in Ellen and learns that the Turpin home is in grave peril through lack of funds. He wants to confess that he is not really a kinsman, but fails to do so.

Squire Hawkins, an elderly man, is courting Ellen. A party is planned in honor of Palmer, who writes his impressions of the place for his paper.

Ellen wears an old brocade gown at the party, and Palmer falls in love with her. Ellen and her friends take him to the wishing stone.

"You are my queen tonight," Palmer tells her, but she will not permit him to avow his love. He fears she intends marrying the squire to save the old home.

Ellen thinks Palmer has ridiculed her and her family in one of his newspaper articles and commands him to leave her and never return.

Palmer secretly acquires the Turpin mortgage to protect the place for Ellen, then volunteers for service in the war against Spain.

He becomes ill in camp, and Ellen forgives and nurses him. They become reconciled, and there is a wedding in prospect.

I lapsed into unconsciousness again, and when I awoke Miss Ellen was by my side. She it was who told me that my regiment was going and held my hand in sympathy, for she knew how it would hurt me to be left behind. She read me the president's noble words of praise for the men who had answered to the call for troops and, drawing from her pocket a little slip of paper, read me what the executive had said to those who had fallen ill with fever and who had served their country only in the camp. It was only a short message from our president in answer to an invitation to come to Chickamauga, but it cheered many a poor fellow who, as I, lay stricken with the fever and who were forced to see his comrades march away to duty at the front. It was the message just as it came, and as she read it her eyes filled with tears:

Executive Mansion, Washington.
Major General Commanding Camp Thomas, Chickamauga:

Replying to your invitation, I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to show by a personal visit to Chickamauga park my high regard for the 4000 troops of your command who so patriotically responded to the call for volunteers and who have been for upward of two months making ready for any service and sacrifice the country might require. My duties, however, will not admit of absence from Washington at this time. The highest tribute that can be paid to the soldier is to say that he performed his full duty. The field of duty is determined by his government, and wherever that chance is to be the place of honor. All have helped in the great cause, whether with fever in camp or in battle, and when peace comes all will be alike entitled to the nation's gratitude.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.
After that she talked to me of the Pines, and then it was she told me she had never read my letters to her, that



When I Awoke, Miss Ellen Was by My Side.

vana to fill the same position in that city, but returned to Washington in 1908, when he became personal aid to President Roosevelt. When Taft was



Major Archibald W. Butt.

[The smaller picture shows Major Butt on guard beside the president.]

she was afraid she might forgive me and that she did not want to do that even in her heart. When I was strong enough to sit up I was given a leave, and it was Miss Ellen herself who undertook to make all arrangements for my journey to the Pines, for it was there that I wanted to go to recuperate. Finally the day came when my regiment was to move. I was propped up with pillows that I might see it break camp and march away.

"Ellen," I said as I saw the last company, the one to which I belonged, fall into fours, "but for you I could not stand that," pointing to the retreating regiment.

She turned to me, and, making a low courtesy, as she had done that April night now many months ago, she said, smiling all the while through her tears:

"You were not made for a soldier, my lord. You have been forced to lay aside the sword. You must take up the pen again."

And then I knew for the first time that she had not only forgiven me, but that at last she had understood.

THE END.

How Major Butt Went to Death With a Smile

"Goodby: Remember Me to All the Folks Back Home," Were the Last Words of the Author of "Both Sides of the Shield."

Major Archibald Williamson Butt, one of the greatest heroes of the Titanic disaster and author of the serial story "On Both Sides of the Shield," was born in Augusta, Ga., on Sept. 26, 1866. His early life was spent in Georgia, and he later attended the University of the South. The major's military career began in 1900, when he was appointed assistant quartermaster in the volunteer forces with the rank of captain. A year later he was commissioned a quartermaster in the regular United States army with the same rank. He served as a quartermaster in the Philippine Islands from 1900 to 1903. From Manila he was transferred to Washington, where he became depot quartermaster. In 1906 he went to Ha-

vana to fill the same position in that city, but returned to Washington in 1908, when he became personal aid to President Roosevelt. When Taft was

elect president he retained Butt in the same capacity. During the winter of 1911 he was raised to the position of major.

His death occurred on the 14th of April, when the giant liner Titanic struck an iceberg and sank in mid-ocean with 1,500 persons. It was Major Butt's calmness in this crisis that stamped him as a hero.

Mrs. Henry B. Harris of Washington, a survivor of the Titanic, in speaking of his bravery said:

"This whole world should rise in praise of Major Butt. That man's conduct will remain in my memory forever—the way he showed some of the other men how to behave when women and children were suffering that awful mental fear that came when we had to be huddled in those boats. Major Butt was near me, and I know very nearly everything he did."

"When the order to take to the boats came he became as one in supreme command. You would have thought he was at a White House reception, so cool and calm was he. A dozen or so women became hysterical all at once as something connected with a lifeboat went wrong. Major Butt stepped to them and said: 'Really, you must not act like that. You are all going to see your loved ones through this. He helped the sailors arrange the rope or chain that had gone wrong and lifted some of the women in with gallantry. His was the manner we associate with the word aristocrat.'

"When the time came for it he was a man to be feared. In one of the earlier boats fifty women, it seemed, were about to be lowered when a man, suddenly panic stricken, ran to the stern of it. Major Butt shot one arm out, caught him by the neck and jerked him backward like a pillow. His head struck against a rail, and he was stunned."

"Sorry," said Major Butt. "Women will be attended to first or I'll break every bone in your body."

"The boats were lowered away one by one, and as I stood by my husband he said to me: 'Thank God for Archie Butt! Perhaps Major Butt heard it, for he turned his face toward us for a second. Just at that time a young man was arguing to get into a lifeboat, and Butt had hold of the lad by the arm like a big brother and appeared to be telling him to keep his head.'

"I was one of three first cabin women."

"Reputation is what men think we are; character is what God sees us to be."

Love or Money?

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

I was one of those idle conversations whose fruit is sometimes bitterly flavored. "I shall marry for love," Azalia Bonner had sighed sentimentally.

A merry light came into Dell Horton's blue eyes. She dearly loved to shock the romantic soul of Azalia, her bosom friend.

"I," uttered Dell, with mock intensity, "shall marry for money!"

"Dell!" breathed the horrified Azalia. "Why not?" queried Dell lightly as she slipped into her loose coat.

Azalia made no reply for a moment. She was busy adjusting this sordid remark to the otherwise charming and gentle minded Dell. Azalia had her own plans for her friend. Dell was to marry Rudey Blenck and in a measure—a small measure, mind you—console him for the loss of Azalia herself, for Azalia loved not the fair haired Rudey and had broken the news to him.

"But you will never be happy, Dell," said Azalia seriously. "Why should you sell yourself to some toothless old man who?"

"Azalia! Please don't suggest that I might not attract a young millionaire," teased Dell as she led the way from the fashionable tea room where the conversation had taken place.

"I never thought of that, dear," admitted Azalia. "You know in novels and newspaper headings it's always the other way round. Have you ever—have you ever thought much about it, Dell? I mean, have you calculated just how rich he must be?" An eager light was in her eyes.

Dell yawned. "Dear me, no! I am so poor myself that almost any sum of money over \$10,000 would appear to be a fortune."

"Then Rudey would do?" blurted forth Azalia excitedly.

Dell stared incredulously. "Rudey Blenck?" she asked.

"Yes, of course. He's a dear," cried Azalia, loyal to her discarded suitor.

"Then why don't you marry him, dear?" asked Dell sweetly.

"I don't love him," explained Azalia sorrowfully.

"Neither do I," retorted Dell crisply. "But you said you didn't care. You wanted to marry for money. And, oh, dear Dell, I have just remembered that I had to be at that stupid tailor's at 3 o'clock. Will you come with me?"

"I can't, Azalia. I am going to read to Aunt Pamela Griffin. She's confined to the house with another attack of rheumatism. Goodbye. See you tomorrow." She waved her hand at Azalia as the latter turned down the avenue and disappeared in the crowd.

Dell forgot all about the foolish conversation the instant Azalia had left her. Azalia was so intensely romantic that Dell had found herself shrinking from the everyday heart to heart exchange of sentiment that was becoming the conversational food of her friend. As a healthy reaction from this overdose of sentiment Dell had formed the habit of applying douches of cold, calculating, practical, worldly wise opinions. Azalia shrank under this treatment and secretly worried about Dell. But she still clung to the fanciful idea that she could not marry Rudey because she did not love him enough when as a matter of fact she adored him. It was indeed romantic to observe Rudey pining away for love of her.

Meantime Rudey Blenck had quite the opposite opinion.

While Dell waited on the corner for a bus she was not thinking of Azalia Bonner nor of Rudey Blenck nor of her Aunt Pamela Griffin. She was thinking of Stanley Renn, who was Azalia's cousin and a poor young physician who had just opened his first office.

Azalia Bonner left the tailor's at a beauteous state of mind, for her new gown was a decided success. The moment she started up the avenue toward home her thoughts flew directly to her misguided friend Dell.

"I simply can't have her marry for money!" growled Azalia, beginning to worry over the matter.

"Well, little cousin, why so worried?" and Stanley Renn fell into step beside her. "Rudey committed suicide?"

Azalia stopped short. "What do you mean?" she demanded, wide eyed.

"Where is he?"

"At the club, drinking—drinking himself to death! I shall declare it suicide if I'm asked to sign his death certificate," returned Renn cheerfully.

"Humph!" sniffed the aggrieved Azalia. "They wouldn't call you in, Stan! They might if it was a cat—or something like that!" she ended cut tingly.

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circumstances, and I suppose it is a temptation."

"Who is he?" demanded Dr. Renn hoarsely.

"I don't know—yet," returned Azalia dreamily. She had caught a glimpse of Rudey Blenck in a taxi cab that bowed swiftly past them. Rudey's face looked very pale and melancholy against the dark background of the vehicle.

Dr. Renn left her at the park and disappeared within its winding paths.

"Not for me!" he said fiercely. "She's not for a poor devil like me. I don't know that I blame her much, either. I wonder why she told Azalia. Perhaps—it might be that she knew the child would bubble it to me and then I would know and not give her the pain of telling me my cause was a hopeless one. Bah! What nonsense I am talking! It's not like Dell Horton to send her messages in any such indirect way, nor would she be likely to refuse a man before he asked her to marry him. Cool off, you idiot!" This last remark was, of course, addressed to himself.

For several days Dr. Renn avoided the vicinity of Dell Horton, and this was all the more noticeable because he had haunted her every spare moment of his abundant time. It so happened that a gouty old millionaire took a fancy to the doctor and was inclined to give him a professional start.

At last the doctor found time to call upon Azalia. There, at least, he might

hear some scrap of news about Dell Horton.

"How is your patient?" teased Azalia when he appeared.

"Which one?" he asked.

"Is there more than one?" Azalia arched her brows provokingly. "I am so glad!"

"Rudey completed the job yet?" asked Dr. Renn.

"What job?"

"Suicide."

"How horrid of you, Stanley! He isn't trying to drink himself to death. I asked him and he told me so. What do you think, Stanley—you will be interested because you know her?"

"Who are you talking about?" asked the doctor, with a sinking heart.

"Why, Dell Horton. I believe she and Rudey will actually marry each other." Azalia made this statement with becoming enthusiasm.

Stanley Renn stared at her with unbelieving eyes. "Dell Horton marry that little shrimp?" he demanded.

Azalia was pale with indignation. She fluttered angrily. "How dare you call Rudey a shrimp! He's—why, he's my ideal of a man!" she ended in an explosive burst of tears.

"Then why in the dickens don't you marry him yourself?" roared the tormented doctor.

"I shall," she declared firmly. "Will you excuse me, Stanley, while I telephone to him?"

"Gladly," said the doctor.

Azalia had hardly left the room by another door when the hall door opened and Dell Horton entered, lovely in pale gray, with violets at her breast—and in her eyes.

New hope sprang alive within him when she smiled at him and permitted her hand to rest in his for a brief moment. "Where is Azalia?" she asked.

"She is saving a life," he said, looking keenly at her. He knew she did not care a rap for young Blenck, but her ambitions might lead that way.

Dell's eyes widened. "Whose?" she asked quickly.

"Rudey Blenck's—drinking himself to death and all that, you know. Azalia has gone to telephone him that he is her ideal man and that suicide is unnecessary or may be postponed. I know I am not violating a confidence, because Azalia's mind and affairs are an open book to you, her friend," he explained whimsically.

"The dear child!" sighed Dell, looking not the least bit disappointed at the news.

"Dell!" he said suddenly and caught her little gloved hand in his. "Azalia said something about your—marrying for money—you know, and—"

"It was a joke," breathed Dell into the midst of his stammering confusion. "Really, dear? You wouldn't hesitate to marry a poor man—like me?" He was actually holding her in his arms.

"Just ask me and find out!" whispered Dell in his ear.

Azalia, fresh from her own new found happiness, stood in the doorway for a brief instant before disappearing.

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WHAT MISS DAISY SAID

By JANE BJORNSEN.

Minglett's voice was a deep bass with a reverberant, booming quality, warranted to penetrate the din of street traffic, the racket of a boiler shop or the turmoil of ten thousand baseball enthusiasts all yelling at once. His most conversational tone would cleave its way through any obstacle like a bullet from a gun.

No matter how he lowered his voice, its carrying power was unimpaired. However, Minglett was blissfully unconscious of this peculiarity, which was so strongly impressed upon others by his thunderous base.

Minglett is good looking and no girl is anything but proud to be seen with him. Still, ordinarily, it is easier to carry on a conversation if one does not feel that half a dozen utterly unknown persons are breathlessly hanging on one's next remark.

Daisy Larke, perhaps was the most hardened to the embarrassments due to having Minglett for an escort, possibly because nine times out of ten she was the girl he chose to invite. She herself had a voice which might be described as little, precisely suited to cozy corners and confidences.

When they were out together their conversation as heard by outsiders was merely a monologue by Minglett, for Daisy's voice couldn't be heard a foot away. Minglett when close by her had to bend his head to hear her. This gave him an appearance of great devotion, well calculated to draw attention to them if his alarming voice hadn't managed that.

Because Minglett had such a prodigious voice it was particularly embarrassing to Daisy that he should have taken it into his head to propose to her one night at the theater.

"Be careful," Daisy warned him nervously before the first act, when he started in to tell her how lonely he was. "People can hear you!"

"They cannot!" boomed Minglett, indignantly, for he still labored under the delusion that he could speak softly if he chose. "I am merely whispering! Anyhow, if anyone wants to listen to private conversation let 'em! I'm not ashamed of what I am saying! I've known you a long time now, Daisy, and I never knew before what it was really to be head over heels—"

The sixteen-year-old girl two rows behind them gasped, "Oh, my!" and leaned forward intently.

"Please!" protested Miss Larke. "The curtain's going up!"

"Hang the curtain!" growled Minglett. "If you are trying to steer me off, that's another thing, but if it's just nervousness I'm going to talk right ahead. You do like me a little don't you?"

He bent his head to hear what she was saying. The curtain was up, but neither of them knew it.

"Of course," he said in a hoarse murmur. "But you must have known I cared more than just ordinarily. You must have seen it coming! You must!"

Miss Larke fluttered her hands and said something intensely.

"Well, you might just as well start to caring," Minglett announced to her and incidentally to every one around him. "Because it's down on the cards that I'm going to marry you, Daisy! You might as well say yes, first as last!"

She talked to him and he wagged his head, shifted his feet and half turned around in his seat.

"Since I care so much for you and you like me, there's no reason for delay to think it over! You can decide this minute! Are you going to marry me? Say yes!"

He listened again to Miss Larke. "Oh, nonsense!" he said.

"Now, Daisy!" he said next.

"You're all right," he confided to her soon after. "But your ideas are wrong. Still, I see the point. You've got to tell me!"

Fifteen minutes later, during the intermission, when Minglett was buying a box of candy in the lobby, he was approached by a diffident youth, who gulped twice and swallowed hard in an effort to open a conversation.

"Well, son?" Minglett's big voice boomed forth.

"I beg your pardon, sir," stammered the diffident youth. "I'm sure I don't know how you'll take it—but the fact is that the young lady I'm with this evening won't give me any peace till I find out something she's crazy to know. Did—er—did Daisy say yes or didn't she? We—we sat two rows back, you know, and—"

"It's none of your confounded business!" bellowed Minglett, cheerfully. "But, between you and me, she did!"

Two Essentials.

The essential things which distinguish one individual from another, which give one man a higher place among his fellows and another a lower, are just two: First of all, perseverance—the ability to keep overhauling at it, and, secondly, imagination or vision—the ability to see beyond the present moment, and to understand that the work at hand reaches beyond the present moment, and so is worth while.

Find Old Greek Temple.

The foundation of a Greek temple dedicated to Minerva, and dating from the fifth century B.C., have been discovered at Syracuse, Italy. An exploration by means of deep borings has yielded fragments of marble, polychrome tiles, protocorinthian vases and ivory statues.